

Just another

by Stormy

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Summary: A possible ending to the show. Not that I want it to end, ever!

Just another

I wrote this on the 20th of April, 1999, in my Algebra class. I was going for a romance type of story but my hand started writing and I let it. Comments, comments, comments!

Beep. Beep. Beep. The unforgiving alarm clock brought me out of a deep sleep. I felt rested and fresh for a change. Then I realized that it had been the first time since I had started working on the X-Files that I had slept without a nightmare. No visions of the creatures taunting me, or of the victims pleading with me. None. Wow. Beep. Beep. Beep. All right, I'll wake up. It's just another day at the office. So why does it feel like so much more?

* * *

Thump. "Ow!" I got up from the floor and rubbed my bruised side. My body had a built-in alarm clock, but rather than lure me out of sleep gently, ever morning I rolled to the side of the couch to land on the floor with a crash. I raised my arms to the ceiling and stretch, letting out a jaw-popping yawn. Now, what did I dream of last night? Nothing? That was strange. Well, never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, I decided to take it as it was and went to take a shower. Then, on to work; just another day at the office. Or will it be?

* * *

I walked down to the basement to find the door open. Thinking Mulder had arrived early I strolled on in, surprisingly cheerful after only one cup of coffee. I stopped in my tracks suddenly after the unmistakable aroma of cigarettes registered. "What do you want?"

"Ah, you seem so happy to see me," he replied, exhaling a puff of

smoke.

"Forgive me if I don't leap for you at the sight of you but, come to think of it, I've never had reason to before," I hardened my facial features as he came closer. He buried his nose in my hair sniffing and I kept thinking how many times I would have to wash my hair to remove the scent of smoke.

"Mmmm, smells like...green apple? Strange, I'd always thought you to be a strawberry person," he murmured, actually surprised.

Not bothering to answer him, I waited, preparing myself for what he wanted.

I wasn't disappointed. "Agent Scully, I need a favor. You have two choices. Either I can knock you over the head, which will leave a trail of blood, inevitably causing your partner to go into hysterics or you can come with peacefully. You will be able to leave a message for Mulder and I will have you back in time to clock out for the day."

"Let me think about it for a while," I replied, needing some control at that moment. "I think I'll go with choice number 2. But, what's in it for me?"

"Agent Scully, in exchange for your complete cooperation, you win the rest of you life back, the disappearance of me for the rest of your life, along with a few tidbits that you will find along the way."

* * *

I took my time making my way to our office, humming a tune. I pulled the shiny object out of my jacket and polished it off with my sleeve. I placed it where it belonged, then smiled. "Special Agent Dana Scully, MD," it declared proudly. I couldn't wait to see her face when she saw it.

Opening the door I realized the office was empty. Thinking she was running late I didn't bother worrying. I noticed a message on the machine and pushed PLAY, making a cup of coffee while I listened.

"Mulder, it's me. Don't panic," Too late; I panicked. I dropped the mug and watched as ceramic pieces slid across the floor. The cigarette smoke had just registered and I crossed my fingers that Scully was Ok.

Meanwhile, her voice continued, cool and composed, not worried at all. "I had to go...out. I left a message with Skinner's secretary. Don't worry, I'll be back by about 6 or so. I'll be fine Mulder, I'm going willingly. Don't worry, don't look for me, and please finish that paperwork Skinner wants, maybe even do some of mine? Ok?" A click followed and I leaned back, relieved. Scully sounded Ok; he had to believe she would be Ok. He turned to the desk and sighed at the stack of papers taking up residence on his desk. Forgetting about the broken mug, he set to work, determined to keep busy

* * *

Finally he removed the blindfold from my eyes and I breathed a sigh

of relief as I let my eyes get accustomed to the light. He had blindfolded me, not like the place would be still standing if I returned. I surveyed the scene: I was in a room, with a bed and a restroom. It looked suspiciously like a jail cell... I was handed a nightgown and told to put my hair up. Then I was given an injection and immediately felt sleepy. I laid down on the cot and closed my eyes, just for a second.

* * *

Watching the clock was the only thing left to do. Within a couple of hours I had completed all the paper work and waited anxiously for Scully to return. I had decided that if Scully wasn't back by the time I clocked out I would find her and make him pay.

* * *

I woke up slowly, wondering why my alarm hadn't waken me up. Then I remembered everything and I sighed. I realized I was moving and I couldn't see. I realized I was fully clothed with a blindfold on. Am I going home?

"Ah, Agent Scully, you've decided to return to us," a raspy voice shook me out of my mental notes.

"Will you tell me what you've done to me?" I pleaded, hopefully.

He handed me something and I realized it was a file folder. "We will be at work shortly. I ask one last thing of you: Please, do not go over the contents of the folder until your partner is by your side. After dropping you off I will disappear permanantly.

I nodded my head in agreement and leaned back against the plush chair, waiting to get to work, and wondering how Mulder was coping.

* * *

I had resorted to throwing pencils at the ceiling again. The dartboard kept me occupied as I waited for Scully's return.

All of a sudden the soft, feminine voice I had come to know and love snapped me out of my game, "Working hard, Mulder?" My heart leapt and I knocked over my chair in an attempt to make sure I wasn't hallucinating, to be near her to protect her from anything that might have happened. "Mulder I don't remember what happened after I left. I was handed this folder and I was told not to look at it until you were with me. Are you ready?"

I nodded and closed my eyes, waiting to hear her dish out the bad news.

"Oh my gosh! Mulder!" I quickly opened my eyes and leaned towards her. "It says that they, um, removed the implant. It's gone; they took it. I'm cancer-free and they even gave me back my ova. Oh, my. Mulder!"

* * *

I looked at him after I delivered my latest discovery. He looked pale

for a moment and I got worried that he was sick. But then a small smile started from the mouth and grew into a full-blown smile. I smiled back at him and then noticed a note on the page. I read it out loud: "Agents, good luck on your work in the future. Mulder, 1013 Carter Lane. 11:21PM. She'll be waiting. Just like she was before. Protect her. I hope never to see you again." It was signed with a burn mark, typical.

We looked at each other and Mulder encircled me with a big bear hug. We ran out of the room like giddy teenagers to notify Skinner.

* * *

Silly me. And I thought it was going to be just another day at the office.

THE END

DISCLAIMER: They aren't mine. They never will be. I borrowed them for the time it took me to write this and gave them back, without harming them. So now Chris Carter can go back to mistreating them :o)

End
file.